

THE CHURCHES.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN.
Rev. George L. Curtis, pastor. Sunday services: Morning worship, 10:30. Sabbath-school, 12:10. Christian Endeavor, 7. Evening worship, 7:45 o'clock. Prayer-meeting each Wednesday night.

WESTMINSTER CHURCH.
Rev. Wm. T. Wilcox, pastor. Divine worship at 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. Young People's prayer-meeting at 7 P. M. Wednesday, 8 P. M. prayer and conference. A cordial welcome to all.

PARK METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
Rev. John Ogden Winner, pastor. Sunday services: Morning Worship at 10:30; Sunday-school at 12 M. Junior Epworth League, 3:30 P. M. Epworth League Vesper service, 7:00 P. M.; Evening Worship, 7:45; Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.; All seats free. Everyone welcome.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.
Sunday services: Preaching by the pastor, Rev. R. J. Buttinghausen, at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school at 2:15 P. M. Prayer-meeting Tuesday at 8 P. M. Young People's Society, Friday, at 8 P. M. Young Men's Christian Association meets on Thursday evening at 8 P. M.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. Henry S. Potter, S. T. D., pastor. Sabbath teaching services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. Christian Endeavor meeting Tuesday at 8 P. M. General prayer and conference meeting Wednesday at 8 P. M. Junior Endeavor Tuesday at 8:30 P. M. Everybody welcome. All seats free.

WATSESSING M. E. CHURCH.
Rev. J. W. Ryder, pastor. Devotional meeting, 9:30 A. M. Preaching, 10:30 A. M. Sunday-school, 2:30 P. M. Epworth League, 6:30 P. M. Preaching, 7:30 P. M.

GLEN RIDGE CONGREGATIONAL.
Corner of Ridgewood Avenue and Clark street. Sunday morning worship at 10:30; Sunday-school at 12 M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, 7 P. M. Evening Service at 7:45. Wednesday evening, prayer-meeting at 8 o'clock.

CHRIST EPISCOPAL.
Corner Bloomfield and Park avenues. The Rev. Edwin A. White, rector. Sunday services: Celebration of Holy Communion, 8 A. M. Sunday-school, 9:50 A. M. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 A. M. Evening prayer and sermon, 4:30 P. M.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.
The Rev. J. M. Nardiello, pastor. Rev. Charles Tischler, assistant. Sunday Masses, 7:00, 8:00, 9:15 and a high mass at 10:30 A. M. Vesper Service at 3:30 P. M.

MONTGOMERY CHAPEL.
Wilson S. Phraner, superintendent. Preaching every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Service of song at 7:45 P. M. Sunday-school at 8 P. M. Young people's meeting at 7:15 P. M.

During the week the gymnasium and reading-room will be open for men and boys on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday from 7:30 to 10 P. M. and on Saturday from 2:30 to 5:30 P. M. for ladies and girls on Thursday from 7:30 to 10 P. M. Montgomery Chapel Cadets will drill on Friday evening.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.
(Episcopal).
Montgomery and Berkeley avenues. Rev. W. T. Lipton, rector. Services: Sundays—Morning prayer and sermon, 10:30 A. M.; Evening prayer and sermon, 8 P. M. Holy Communion every Sunday 8 A. M. and the first Sunday in the month at 10:30 A. M.; also on saints' days at 8 A. M. All seats free. Sunday-school, 12 M. Everybody welcome.

BROOKDALE REFORMED.
Sunday services: Sabbath-school 9:45 A. M.; Preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Christian Endeavor, 7:15 P. M. Preaching services 8 P. M. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

EAST ORANGE BAPTIST CH.
Prospect street. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday-school, 2 P. M. Prayer-meeting, 7:45 P. M. Friday.

SILVER LAKE UNION CHAPEL.
Franklin street, corner Belmont avenue. Sabbath services: Sunday-school, 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. Preaching, 7:30 P. M. Week day prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Everybody welcome.

UNITY CHURCH (UNITARIAN).
Unity Church (Unitarian), Montclair, Church St., next to the Public Library. Morning service at 11. Unity Graded Sunday-school and Conversation Class at 9:30 A. M. Unity Alliance meets on the last Tuesday of each month at 2:30. Dante Circle Tuesday afternoons at 4.

ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Corner Liberty street and Austin place. Rev. Chas. H. Franke, pastor. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. English services the first and third Sunday evenings in each month. Sunday-school at 12 M. Ladies' Aid Society first Thursday of every month at 3 P. M.

GOSPEL HALL.
464 Bloomfield avenue. Gospel meetings Tuesday, Saturday, Sunday at 7:45 P. M. Sunday-school at 8 o'clock P. M. You will be welcome.

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The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Maria's Fishing

She Had a Novel Way of Doing It

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Taint no fishing weather today," said Captain Barnabas Fish when I expressed surprise at his idleness one crisp October morning.

"Too much sea?" I inquired.

He nodded and scratched his gray stubble beard. "Wind's been east for three days now, and that there oily roll would turn my dory hull up'ards in no time. No, ma'am, you can tell Miss Weeks."

"You can tell her yourself, cap'n," came Miss Maria's sharp voice from the gate. "Here I be!"

"There's some roll on today," he said, looking away over the greenish gray waters of the bay.

"First time I ever suspected you was a fair weather sailor," sniffed Maria scornfully.

"It ain't me; it's the fish," explained Captain Barnabas hastily. "I ain't afraid of weather."

"I shouldn't think the fish would be either, they being more used to the water than you are."

"They won't bite," explained the captain with dignity.

"Fiddle!" snapped Maria so sharply that Captain Barnabas jumped in his sea boots. "How is it I've smelt fish frying over at Lucy Drake's every night this week? Somebody must catch 'em—I'll find out who it is."

She turned away and went up the gravelled path to the little white house that faced Quince harbor. After she had slammed the side door I stole a glance at Captain Barnabas Fish.

Leaning against the picket fence, his hands in the pockets of his blue dannel trousers, his blue eyes squinting across the bay at the black line of breakwater, Captain Barnabas seemed indifferent to the anger of the plump little woman toward whom I was sure he nourished a secret attachment.

"Somebody must catch fish for Lucy Drake," I whispered softly. "I wonder who it is?"

A red flush crept from the captain's sunburnt neck up to his ears and disappeared. "Miss Telham," he said solemnly, "it's me."

"I thought—you said—the fish would not bite!" I gasped indignantly. I was loyal to Maria, for she was a fine soul in spite of her affected coquetry.

Lucy Drake I did not like. I turned to the gate, but the captain lifted a huge brown hand to check my departure.

"It may seem queer to you, ma'am, after my promising Maria I'd bring her the first catch of fish, but I had to take them fish to Lucy Drake!"

"Why?" I asked bluntly.

"Because," he said, with discouraging brevity, "You could easily have brought some to Miss Maria as well," I said disapprovingly.

"Luck was ag'in it," he returned gloomily. "You may not believe it, Miss Telham, but I been out every day for a week past, and I ain't caught but one fish each day—and that there fish I had to give to Lucy Drake."

"Then you have been out fishing this morning?"

"Do I look like a fair weather sailor, ma'am?" he asked coldly. "I went out at daybreak, and I caught one fish, same as usual, and I suspect that you and Maria will soon be catching the smell of trying fish from Lucy Drake's."

I turned my head toward the neat white cottage next door to Maria's. Surely I could detect a smell of frying fish!

The whistle of the door mill smote the stillness of the day.

"It's dinner time," observed Captain Fish, and with the same nervous haste exhibited by all Quince Harborites at the hour of noon, he nodded briefly and plunged down the beach toward the dory drawn up on the sand.

He slept and ate and made his home on board of his schooner, the Indus, named after a ship in the Calcutta trade of which he had once been master.

A half hour afterward I went up the path into Maria's house, sniffing rather guiltily at the smell of frying bluefish, which seemed to emanate from Lucy Drake's little kitchen. To my surprise I caught a glimpse of Lucy Drake's thin nosed face at the window, and she was dabbing a handkerchief against her eyes.

When I entered Maria's house I was instantly hungry. On the oval table in the low dining room was a platter. On the platter was still sizzling a delicious looking bluefish, brown and crisp from the frying pan. There were a plate of corn bread and a dish of creamed potatoes and other good things.

Miss Maria flew in from the kitchen, her cheeks a bright crimson and her black eyes snapping with some inward excitement.

"I was just going to call you to dinner, Miss Telham," she said shortly.

As we sat down she bobbed her head and uttered a hasty and rather ungracious benediction over the fish platter.

"Have some fish?" she asked shortly.

"If you please. So you got one, after all?" I remarked.

"Yes, I got it," she said significantly.

"With a silver hook, I suppose," I said, with an attempt at humor.

"I caught it with father's old bone hook, and I fished for it from the buttry window," returned Maria defiantly.

I stared. "From the buttry window?" I repeated incredulously.

"Yes," she said crisply and closed the conversation with that monosyllable.

As the meal progressed I noticed that Maria did not eat any of the fish. In fact, she ate very little dinner, but she drank several cups of strong green tea. I could not help associating her gloom with the advent of the bluefish on the table. There was a mystery connected with the catching of this fish that tantalized me.

As I sauntered around the frostbitten garden I became aware that Lucy Drake was moving listlessly among her gorgeous chrysanthemums. Her delicate face, with its long, thin, pink nose, was dolorous enough. I went out of the gate and walked along the fence by Lucy's flowers.

"Your chrysanthemums are lovely, Miss Drake," I ventured sociably.

Lucy turned toward me. "They are pretty," she admitted, her weak eyes filling with tears.

"You have a cold?" I asked.

"No, oh, no, but I have suffered—a less." She came close to the fence and leaned over, speaking freely as though glad of a listener.

"I am sorry, Miss Drake. May I ask what it is?"

"My fish," she whispered. "The loveliest bluefish you ever saw. The cat stole it."

"What cat?" I asked mechanically.

"I am not sure whether it was my Snowball or Maria Weeks' Ginger. You see, it was all ready to fry for dinner—setting right on the shelf in the buttry window, and the window was wide open. When I went to get it it was gone." She spoke as tragically as though she had lost a dear friend.

"A bluefish?" I was thinking guiltily of the one I had eaten at dinner, and I had a mental vision of Miss Maria leaning from her buttry window and coolly fishing for Lucy Drake's fish with the late Mr. Weeks' boat hook. I wanted to laugh, it was all so funny and so unaccountable.

"Why should Maria steal your cat's fish?" I asked to cover my embarrassment.

"To eat. I would not have cared only—Lucy blushed painfully and turned away her head.

"It is too bad. Perhaps Captain Barnabas could catch another one," I suggested.

"He doesn't seem to have very good luck fishing," she said and hurried into the house without ceremony.

I walked down to the end of the row of low, comfortable houses that straggled along the beach road, and then turning went back to my boarding place. Dinner would be cleared away by this time and Maria taking her afternoon nap. I wanted a nap myself.

When I reached the front door the gate clanged noisily and I turned to see Captain Barnabas tramping heavily up the gravelled path. He came up the steps and stood, grim and unsmiling, beside me.

"Miss Weeks to home?" he asked impolitely.

"I believe so. Come in and sit down, captain." And I ushered him into Maria's sitting room.

To my surprise she was in there, sitting very pale and unhappy looking in a big rocking chair.

"Maria!" thundered Captain Barnabas. And when I would have led Maria beckoned me to remain. Therefore I hovered near the door, feeling very uncomfortable.

"Don't you 'Maria' me, Barnabas Fish," said Maria coldly.

"Miss Weeks, what did you do it for?" he demanded, fixing his bright blue eyes on her snapping black ones.

"Do what for?" Maria's tone was surprised.

"You see my schooner down there?" Captain Fish pulled back the window curtain and pointed a bony forefinger at the graceful lines of the Indus, anchored opposite the Weeks cottage.

"Yes, I see it. I don't see how I can help except it, planted right there in front of Lucy Drake's cottage." Maria was jealous. Now I began to understand.

"I was sitting out there just before dinner, and I had the glasses. I was looking at your house. I was—Captain Barnabas blushed and cast about for an excuse for his lover's foolishness.

"I was wondering if Miss Telham had gone for a walk. I was looking, when I saw you, Maria Weeks, steal Lucy's fish off her—with a boat hook!" Did Captain Fish chuckle?

Maria blushed and then paled. "It was my fish," she said obstinately.

"You had promised it to me."

"I promised one to her every day until—until she collected her interest money. She's been hard up. Fish ain't so terrible hardy, but they're brain food anyway, and you know Lucy Drake ain't got any too many brains. She needs all the fish she can eat."

The captain was trying to cover his own kindness with a clumsy joke. "I promised her a fish every morning. I thought it would be easy to catch a plenty of 'em, but, drat it all, I never caught but one every day, and she needed it, Maria!" His tone ended in an apologetic note.

Maria Weeks arose, conscience stricken. "I took her fish—and she's hungry. I must go and see her at once. She must come to supper and—"

"I will go and ask her, Miss Maria," I said hastily, and as I went I heard Captain Fish's voice growling out some question and Maria's smothered shriek of dismay.

"Oh, Barnabas! I could never keep house on that schooner!"

I knew Maria had caught another sort of fish like this.

SKIRT NEWNESS.

A Smart Model In Maggie Effect.



PETTICOAT IN BLACK AND WHITE SILK.

Fashion prefers little fullness in the silk underskirt. In many instances the knitted tights are used in preference to skirts of any kind.

Skirts are all straight and narrow in effect, but there's a tendency in the high class lines to slash at intervals at the foot, presumably to add to the walking comfort of the wearer. The striped silk petticoat seen in the illustration is cut on the newest lines. Black and white is the smart color scheme.

Unconventionalities.

"I'll do the best I can to make a musician of your boy, madam, but he'd succeed better as a window washer."

"I like the candy you bring me, Mr. Squallop, but your company bores me beyond measure."

"Maria, there's going to be trouble if you don't take your cold feet away from the small of my back!"

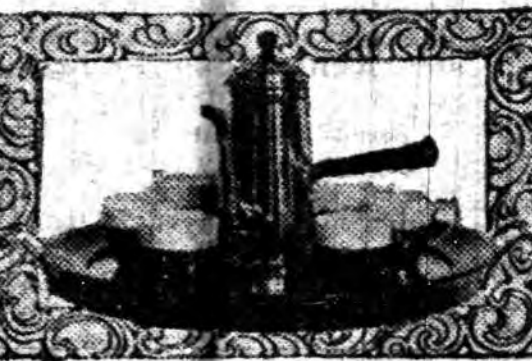
"You know well enough, Uncle Jonathan, that we wouldn't entertain as disagreeable a man as you are if you weren't rich and childless."

"Rinckle, you and I would get along all right if you'd move to some neighborhood where I never could see you."

"Bobby, when you go home will you please tell your mamma that I think she ought to wash your face at least once or twice a week?"

For the Table.

Quite the latest and most approved appointment for the table is a coffee set of glass and copper.



COFFEE SET IN GLASS AND COPPER.

The illustration shows how very convenient and good looking is the new design.

Shadow Lace Veil.

The new shadow lace veiling is very charming and quickly gaining a place in the world of fashion. This hits the happy medium between the too heavily patterned and often disguised lace veil and the anything but smart veilings made of open silk mesh which are very trying to all complexions.

The new shadow veils are delicately patterned in a fine web effect, and some of the most becoming of all show a fine and delicately traced pattern in black silk on a pale pink tulle background that does much to enhance the beauty of any complexion that is apt to suffer disfigurement during the cold weather.

The Bar Brooch.

In every collection of beautiful ornaments the bar brooch finds a place. It is very long and absolutely rigid and is ornamented in various ways. One pattern is set closely with emeralds and rubies alternating, and another is a flashing rivulet of brilliants from end to end. A third has a large pearl in the center flanked by pearls of dwindling sizes to the tiniest possible gems at the ends.

Then again there is the absolutely plain gold bar brooch, which is used for various purposes, from fixing the squash hat in its place to securing the one sided jabot.

Useful Hints.

A cloth dipped in salt and rubbed on frosted windows will remove the thickest frost almost instantly. It may be news to some women to hear that a piece of bread burnt to a crust will remove grease on cloth if rubbed upon the spot, following the nap of the cloth.

It is also said that if the head of a match, after being lighted and then blown out, is applied to a stain from paint the spot will disappear.

POWER OF MUSIC.

A Wordless Conversation That Made Two Strangers Brothers.

An instance of music forming a base of conversation between strangers each ignorant of the other's language is given by John S. Neihardt in "The River and I." While on the Missouri in a canoe with some companions they came to a place where the Great Northern railroad touches the river for the last time for 500 miles. Here they saw two Italian hands whiling away their Sunday with fishing rods.

"I went ashore, hoping to buy some fish. Neither of the two could speak English, and Italian sounds to me merely like an unintelligible singing. However, they gave me to understand that the fish were not for sale, and my proffered coin had no persuasive powers.

"Still wanting those fish I lingered, carelessly whistling the while a strain from an opera I had once heard. For some reason or other that strain had been in my head all day. I got up in the morning with it; I had whistled it during the fight with the head wind. The Kid called it 'that dago tune.' I think it was something from 'Il Trovatore.'"

"Suddenly one of the little Italians dropped his rod, stood up to his full height, lifted his arms very much after the fashion of an orchestra leader and joined in with me.

"I stopped—because I saw that he could whistle. He carried it on with much expression to the last thin note with all the ache of the world in it. And then he grinned at me.

"'Verdi!' he said sweetly.

"I applauded, whereat the little Italian produced a bag of tobacco. We sat down on the rocks and smoked together, holding a wordless but perfectly intelligible conversation of pleasant grins.

"That night we had fish for supper. I got them for a song, or, rather, for a whistle. One immortal strain from Verdi poorly whistled in a wilderness had made an Italian and a Dutchman brothers."

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